

Rangeley Lakes.

VOL. I.

RANGELEY, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1895.

NO. 18.

IT'S A HUMMER!

The Forty-Fourth Annual Show and Fair at Phillips, This Week.

OPENED TUESDAY, WITH GOOD EX-
HIBITS AND CROWDS IN
ATTENDANCE.

Nature Is Gracious in the Matter of Weather. The Races Well Contested.

Never was a fair favored with a better opening day than that which fell to the lot of the North Franklin Agricultural Society, Tuesday. The skies were clear, the sun bright and a delightfully cool breeze crowned the whole.

It is the forty-fourth exhibition of the Society and it's the best one on record. All the departments are well filled with entries and there are lots here.

The trotting entries are large. The races Wednesday were good and those for to-day (Thursday) promise even better sport.

Below is a detailed report of the fair.

THE FIRST DAY.

Cattle Show Has it all to Itself On the Grounds.

The first day of a show is the get-ready day, and so it was Tuesday at the grounds.

The officers and trustees were early at their posts and till late in the afternoon were kept on the hustle.

The exhibition of cattle was not quite so large as last year, owing, no doubt, to the demand for beef which has been so sharp the year past. There were more young cattle, however, than at any previous show.

Out among the cattle were some very handsome individual animals and evenly matched pairs. The pair of white oxen owned by Leeland Ross attracted much attention. The large head belonging to Elbridge Dill was the center of attraction among those who like to look at good stock.

In the line of Jersey full bloods, Wm. C. Howland and M. H. Davenport and Wm. True had good looking exhibits.

Premiums were awarded as follows:

Full-blooded Herefords, short horns, and Devons—E. Dill took first on 2-years-old bull, stock cow, milch cow, 2-years-old heifer, heifer calf, bull calf; second on milch cow, 2-years-old heifer, heifer calf, bull calf; third on stock cow 1-year-old heifer. Chas. O. Dill took second on stock cow, 1-year heifer; third on bull calf.

Full-blooded Jerseys—Wm. C. Howland took first on 3-years-old bull and stock cow. M. H. Davenport took first on 2-years-old bull; second on yearling heifer and heifer calf. D. H. Soule took first on 2-years-old heifer and heifer calf. Wm. True took first and second on milch cow. W. S. Badger took first on bull calf. J. M. Wheeler took first on yearling heifer.

Grade Herefords—Chas. O. Dill took

first on bull calf, stock cow, and 3-years-old heifer.

Herds—stock cows—Elbridge Dill, first; C. O. Dill, second. Milch cows—Wm. True, first; D. D. Graffam.

Town Team of Oxen—First to town of Phillips, second to town of Avon, and third to second Phillips team.

Matched Cattle—Best matched pair of oxen, Eaton Heath first; E. W. Blodgett, second; A. B. Toothaker, third. Three-years-old steers—A. W. Mayo, first; Benj. Dodge, second; Weston Parker, third. Two-years-old steers—Benj. Dodge, first; C. H. Brimigion, second; C. O. Dill, third.

Two-years-old steers—Town of Phillips first, six pairs, owned by Chas. O. Dill, five pairs, J. F. Blodgett; one pair, second premium, Town of Avon; four pairs owned by G. L. Voter, C. H. Brimigion, Thos. Vining, O. M. Goding. Best pair, Thomas Vining. Second, Chas. O. Dill. Three-years-old steers—first to Town of Phillips six pairs. Second, Town of Avon, six pairs. Best pair, Ross and Beal. Second, Oliver M. Goding. Working oxen, T. G. Harnden first, O. M. Goding second. Drawing oxen, J. F. Blodgett first, O. M. Goding second, Ross Bros. third. Draft steers—Weston Parker first, John Harnden second. Trained team, E. Dill first.

SHEEP.

Best buck, C. P. Hamlin, first; E. Dill, second; A. W. Mayo, third. Buck lamb, C. H. Pinkham, first; E. Dill, second; C. P. Hamlin, third. Six ewe lambs, E. Dill, first; Ross Bros., second. Six best sheep, W. W. Mitchell, first and third; E. Dill, second.

SWINE.

Sow and pigs, W. B. Hoyt, first; shoats, R. C. Ross, first.

POULTRY.

Plymouth Rocks, H. J. Hackett, first; D. O. Gleason, second. Pea Comb Plymouth Rock, W. S. Skofield, first; E. J. Ross, second. Light Brahma, C. S. Parlin, first; Frank Edwards, second. Brown Leghorns, Frank Edwards, first. Geese, Simon Booker, first. Bronze turkeys, E. J. Ross, first. Black turkeys, C. F. Ross, first and second.

Notes.

Clarence Hinkley and his striking machine were on deck.

There was a lively game of ball Tuesday afternoon, between the Avons and West Freemans.

THE HORSES.

Rather Few in Number—Rangeley Pair Gets First Prize.

The horse made his appearance Wednesday, and outside the hall held undisputed sway.

Lovers of good horses were rather disappointed in the number of equines exhibited, but still saw much to commend in some of those shown. In some of the classes—notably the gentlemen's driving class—there were lively contests for the blue ribbon, but in others there were no entries for the prizes offered.

It is plain that the horse business has not fully recovered from the depression of the last year or two. Time was when almost every other man in Phillips owned a piece of horseflesh which could clean out the whole field in the owners estimation. When business went down with such a cold, hard thump, however, people began

to think that horseflesh was not such altogether money-coining property as they had believed. The result was, they regulated their world beaters to the road and field and hustled for the dollars outside the race course.

So much for the why of it.

Don't gather from the foregoing that there are no people left who are raising good horses, for there are lots of 'em.

N. P. Harris, of Salem, had the best-bred horse in the lot. It is a 2-year-old stallion colt. The color is a light sorrel. His sire is Sidunt. Sidunt has a record of 2.25½, made at Rigby, in the first race he was ever started in. Sidunt is by Sidney, 2.19¾. The colt's dam is Daisy Withers, she a full sister to C. T. L., with a record of 2.21½. Daisy Withers is by Gen. Withers, he by Almont. The colt is a handsomely formed, clean gaited youngster with an up-headedness which neither check nor overdraw could improve. Mr Harris will keep the colt for stud purposes, and with the speed that is back of him he ought to produce beauties.

The matched pair of blacks, driven by John R. Toothaker, of Rangeley, were warmly praised on all sides. They are sisters, and move together like a pair of twins. Mr. Toothaker also had a speedy, handsomely formed black, entered in the gentleman's driving class.

Emery Gould, of Phillips, drove his pair of bays which are well known on Phillips streets.

N. P. Harris, of Salem, had a brood mare with a colt at side by St. Croix, Jr., he by St. Croix.

Premiums were awarded as follows:

Best matched pair—John R. Toothaker, first; A. L. Matthews, second; Emery Gould, third. Gentleman's driving horses N. U. Hinkley, first; E. B. Sweet, second; John R. Toothaker, third. Committee of awards: L. A. Smith, J. H. Byron, T. M. Parker.

Standard-bred 3-year-old colts—E. M. Blodgett, first. Non-standard-bred 3-year old colts, Benj. Butler, first; Ross Bros., second; D. H. Soule, third; J. H. Jodrey, fourth. Committee, A. S. Beedy, W. T. Hoar, Geo. W. Harris.

Standard-bred 2-year-olds—N. P. Harris, first; Laforest Beedy, second. Non-standard-bred 2-year-olds, W. T. Hinds, first; Benj. Butler, second; D. H. Soule, third. Committee: Emery Gould, C. M. Davis, Patrick Curtin.

Non-standard-bred yearlings—Chas. Lufkin, first; Benj. Butler, second; Geo. L. Hinkley, third. Committee, C. W. Carr, Thos. Parker, J. H. Byron.

Non-standard-bred 4-year-olds—Geo. B. Hilborn, first. Non-standard-bred 3-year-olds—N. G. Bubier, first; R. L. Hilgrove, second. Committee, Geo. Fairbanks, M. W. Bean, E. S. Beedy.

Non-standard-bred breeding mares—N. P. Harris, first; E. J. Ross, second; C. F. Ross, third; F. E. Mitchell, fourth. Committee, W. H. Bangs, Chas. Berry, G. W. Harris.

THE RACES.

The Three-Minute Class Hotly Contested, But the 2.30 Went in Straight Heats.

The track was very dusty Wednesday afternoon, despite frequent work with the sprinkler.

Two races were on the card, the 3-minute and the 2.30 classes.

Five horses came up for the word in the 3-minute class. Enoch H. took the lead

and held it till the close, winning in 2.39¼. Flashlight came in second, with Butcher Boy third.

The second heat was a reversal of the first, Little Nick getting ahead and staying there to the wire. He was passed closely at times, but did not leave his feet and won the race in 2.39¼.

The third heat was very lively and it looked for a time as though Nick would win. He went off his feet, however, when the others became bunched around him and the gray gelding came in a winner.

The fourth heat was the best of the day. Back and forth between Enoch H., Flashlight and Butcher Boy went the lead. It was no man's race till the last quarter second. When they finally came down the home stretch the three leaders were nose to wheel in a diagonal line, Butcher Boy ahead, Flashlight next, and Enoch H., third. The other two were somewhat behind fighting hard for the fourth and fifth place.

The gray one won the last heat easily and won first money.

THE SUMMARY.

Enoch H., g. g., Shaw,	1	3	1	3	1
Butcher Boy, b. g., Wilbur,	3	2	2	1	2
Little Nick, br. g., Thompson,	4	1	3	5	4
Flashlight, ch. g., Parker,	2	4	4	2	3
Roxie B., br. m., Moore,	5	5	5	4	5

TIME BY QUARTERS.

	¼	½	¾	Finish.
39¼	1.19½	2.00	2.39¼	
39¼	1.18¾	1.58	2.39¾	
39¼	1.20¾	2.01¾	2.40½	
41¼	1.23	2.03	2.43¾	
40½	1.22	2.03	2.44¾	

The 2.30 class was decided in straight heats but with no lack of good work. The first heat Moslem had all to himself, winning as he pleased in 2.39¼.

In the next two heats Altama pushed Moslem hard, and at times seemed in a fair way to capture first place. But in the end the chestnut mare won the third heat and race. Best time, 2.37¾.

THE SUMMARY.

3.30 Class. Purse, \$100.

Moslem, ch. m., Ellis,	1	1	1
Altama, b. s., Curtin,	2	2	2
Cupid, b. s., Mosher,	3	3	3

2.30 TIME BY QUARTERS.

	¼	½	¾	Finish.
39¼	1.18¾	1.58	2.39½	
39¼	1.18½	1.57	2.37¾	
41	1.22	2.00½	2.40¾	

The judges were Elisha Bradford, Farmington, G. E. Rideout, Phillips, J. H. Heath, Farmington.

The timers were, H. B. Palmer, J. H. Rollin.

In the Hall.

In the fruit and vegetable line, the display is meagre. "Bad year for fruit" says one. "Too dry," says another. Yet there is some excellent fruit shown. The entries are late in coming in and the awards will be to late for this week's issue.

Among the larger lots Ansel Dill has 18 varieties; Mrs. D. M. Howe, of Temple, 23 plates; Levi Webster, Weld, 12 plates; very nice, his Munson Sweet very large. H. S. Sampson shows 4 varieties, the Alexandria, a handsome one. E. A. Peary has 6 plates; E. J. Ross, 20. Mrs. D. M. Howe, has 4 varieties pears; Ansel Dill 4 kinds of grapes. Mrs. D. M. Howe has 18 jars canned fruit; Mrs. A. Dill and

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TROUT AND BULLHEAD FIGHT.

Lively Encounter in Which the Horned Fish Was Killed.

Theron B. Platt, a farmer of Orange, Conn., witnessed a curious struggle a few weeks ago. The Wepawang river, which crosses his land just north of the Derby railroad bridge, is quite a small stream at that point, though a quarter of a mile below it becomes deep and swift where its waters are joined by those of the Race brook. At the upper end of his sheep pasture is a broad shallow stretch of quiet water, not over six or eight inches deep, and with a silvery gravel bottom. A big spring boils up through the sand at one side of the pool, and the big trout in the stream love to congregate there.

The efforts to restock the river, though persistent, have not met much success, for the fry are devoured by bullheads and dace. The former are particularly numerous and gluttonous. Some of them grow to an enormous size. One that was caught not long ago by an eel fisherman at night weighed five and a half pounds, and its stomach contained four young trout of from three to five inches in length. On account of these pirates there are very few trout left in the brook. One of the biggest of the surviving trout, however, lay out in the shallow pool on this particular afternoon, sunning himself and occasionally rising to snap at a fly or miller on the surface. He was a beauty, and Mr. Platt, who spied him when he came down for a pail of water, resolved to get his rod and line and have a try at the speckled giant. He says he would easily weigh three pounds. When he returned with his tackle he found the pool in a state of great commotion. There was a leaping and splashing and tossing of spray, and at first he could not make out just what had happened. Then, creeping out to the edge of the bank, behind a clump of alders, and poking his head through stealthily, he had a clear view of the whole affair.

The same trout apparently was there, but he was in a furious rage, and every fleck of scarlet and gold on his burnished sides seemed to gleam more brightly than before, when he lay at ease feeding. The object of his mad attacks was a monstrous black-backed bullhead, which seemed to be having slightly the better of the battle when Mr. Platt arrived. The trout was bleeding freely from a wound in the side, but the hurt apparently had not weakened him. His adversary was playing a heavy defensive part, and lay quietly facing him with horns erect and feelers waving like the antennae of a devil-fish. As the trout darted around him the big black fellow merely wheeled so as to keep his head toward him. Whenever the trout rushed in upon him he would whirl his great head, endeavoring, with occasional success to give the trout a sharp thrust with his horns. Whenever one of the horns took effect the trout would leap way out of the water, and the blood would flow again from his side. Once the trout got hold of the under side of one of the bullhead's gills, and tore a big piece loose, and, though the latter shook him off fiercely, it was plain to be seen that the wound was a bad one.

After several minutes of fencing and dodging, the lively speckled duelist by a sudden dive went completely under his enemy's body, and, turning, seized him by that tender and vital spot between the two gills. The bigger fish then leaped for the first time, and beat the water to a foam with his tail, but to no purpose. Like a bulldog the trout clung with fixed jaws and could not be tossed off. So nimble was he that no writhing of the bullhead, no quick contortion, could pierce him with one of those savage horns, and every moment or two he gave the torn neck an ugly shake.

At last the bullhead weakened, his swimming became feeble. Dizzily, he finned around in circles, and at last floated to the top, where his conqueror, with a final vicious snap, ripped open his belly, and slowly swam up stream. If he could

have caught the trout, Mr. Platt says, no amount of money would have induced him to do so. He says it was a brave fish which could win in so unequal a fight. The dead bullhead, which he secured, was found to be very badly torn in half a dozen places. It weighed seven pounds and a quarter, and is the biggest one ever taken from the stream.—N. Y. Times.

DO FISH TALK?

An Old Sportsman Says They Do.

It was a group in the office of a Lake hotel, and they had been discussing the query. "Do fish sleep at night?" When the old sportsman launched out with:

"As to whether fish sleep at night or at all, I don't know, and don't care, but I do know that fish converse with one another. Yes, sir, I have plain, straight evidence to that effect."

"Would you mind giving us the particulars?" asked the man who had loudly contended that fish always turned on their backs to sleep.

"I will tell you with pleasure, sir, because it will add to your store of useless information. Two years ago I made a trip to Mooselookmeguntic Lake. One day I was out in a boat fishing. It was in water about fifteen feet deep, and I could see clear to the bottom. I was watching my baited hook and smoking a cigar when I saw a five-pound Salmon swim up and smell of the bait. He had opened his mouth to take it when a trout weighing about ten pounds came along.

"An told him not to bite!" exclaimed the tourist from Kentucky, who had stopped off a couple of weeks to look around the Rangeleys.

"Yes sir, he did," replied the Sportsman. "Not only that, but when the five-pounder seemed inclined to have his own way, the big fellow actually drove him off. The same thing happened again and again in the course of an hour. A trout would come up to take the hook and the sentinel would swim up touch noses and tell him not to do it. It was as plain as daylight to me.

"You think the big fellow knew the danger?"

"I do. Yes sir. I think he knew all about fish-hooks. Every action of his proved that he did. On one occasion, when a fish which must have weighed fifteen pounds, came for my bait, the sentinel seized my line above the hook and ran around in a circle with it and thus prevented him from hooking on. He beat me out of at least ten good hauls.

"He must have been a fish who had been hooked some time and knew all about it," ventured the Texas man on his vacation.

"That's exactly what had happened to him, sir," replied the old sport. "Yes, sir, after an hour or so the sun shone down on him in such a way that I recognized him. Gentlemen, I hope there is no one in the crowd who will sneer when I say that I recognized that fish as one that I hooked down at the five-mile falls below Middle Dam two years before, and which flopped himself out of the boat after being caught. He had the same head—same tail—same wicked expression of mouth. There could be no doubt about it."

"And do you think he recognized you?" asked everybody in chorus.

"He surely did. Yes, sir, from the way he looked up at me and his general actions I could not doubt it. The recognition was mutual and the revenge was his. As I told you in the beginning, I don't care whether fish sleep or not, and I don't care whether they hear or not, but when it comes down to talking, I'm satisfied that they do it. Not only that, but I think it an infernal shame that a fish is allowed to play a man low-down as that one did me!"

The Kentuckian was the first to rise up and tip-toe out. He was followed by the guest from the Lone Star State, and the man from Texas by the other four, and when he had been left alone the truthful

sportsman settled back in his chair and nodded and slept, and as he slept a smile rested on his face, and the recording angel put down her pen and refused to tab it up against him.

EPHRAIM AND THE BEAR.

How He Killed a Yearling in a Fair Fight Without Weapons.

Old Ephraim Hatfield, father of Anse and Elias Hatfield, of McCoy-Hatfield feud notoriety, was a born fighter. He was also a mighty hunter, and had one ambition. It was to kill a yearling bear in a fair fight without any weapons other than those nature provided him with. Every day that he felt especially strong he would go out with his dogs and his boys, and, treeing a bear, would get him down and fight him. When bruin would begin to get the best of the encounter, he would call his boys to let loose the dogs. Year after year passed and Ephraim had not yet whipped a bear.

One day a fine yearling bear was treed, and as Cuffy was climbing to a place of safety old man Hatfield cut off a piece of the animal's tail with a quick blow of his knife, and the bear came down. Ephraim threw his gun and knives to the boys and cried out:

"He's a likely varmint. Stan aside, boys, an watch yo' dad. I'm comin, bar!" And he clutched the bear by the throat.

The animal got its paws around Ephraim; and they fought, rolling in every direction, until it was almost impossible to distinguish man from beast in the cloud. The boys held the dogs and encouraged the old man by shouting to him:

"Go it, pap! You've got 'em! Give it to 'im, dad!"

Down the hill the two rolled until they could roll no farther.

"Let loose the dogs!" shouted the old man. "Let 'em loose! The critter's got me!"

But the boys thought the old man would never have a better opportunity to realize his ambition and whip a yearling bear and kept the dogs away. Finally Ephraim, seeing that he was not to have assistance, began to use his feet and hands with an energy born of despair, and in half an hour he succeeded in choking the animal to death, but not until his clothes were torn to shreds and his face and body were covered with gaping wounds, from which the blood flowed so freely that it left a crimson trail wherever the man went. Dragging the carcass out of the pit Ephraim started after the boys, and it would have fared roughly with them, but they fled. The old man reached his home and was almost dead from loss of blood, but his ambition had been realized—he had whipped a yearling bear in a fair fight. The boys hid out in the woods for several days, and would not return until their father, whose joy at his success had got the better of his pain and anger, sent word that he would not whip them if they returned. Hatfield never wearied telling how he whipped a bear, and his sons are equally proud of their father's achievement.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Rangeley Plantation.

Harry Bemis and wife, have been absent for several days, visiting friends.

Wm. Moores has been employed during the past week in digging a well.

The Summer visitors find it very pleasant to take excursions to this side of the lake.

"There is one difference between us," said a needy printer tramp, looking the editor full in the eye: "you fill a long-felt want, and I want a long-felt fill." The editor wept, and with many a heavy blow hewed off a fragment of wedding-cake that had been sent in with a notice, and handed it to the wanderer. "Fill up on that," he said, "and you will feel it long after all trivial food records have been wiped away from the subtraction table of your memory."

THE CASTOR OIL PLANT.

In India It Serves a Score of Purposes, but Not Medicinal.

The castor oil plant, from the brown seeds of which this useful oil is extracted, is among the tropical plants that grow readily here during the summer, and its deep, metallic green, much plated leaves, make it an ornamental plant.

The writer, in walking by the arsenal in Central park with a friend who has spent several years in India, was surprised to hear what a really useful plant it is.

"The plant," said the friend, "and many of its virtues have been known in India for centuries, but it is a fact nevertheless that the first of this oil was exported to Europe from the West Indies near the end of the eighteenth century. In India the oil is much used as an illuminant. If the oil has been 'cold drawn' and has been carefully and properly separated, there is none better. Another thing in its favor is that, owing to its slow combustion, a saving of one-quarter to one-half is made by using it, as compared with other oils. It makes an excellent lubricant and is much used in the dressing of tanned hides and skins. The natives use it largely for preserving their water buckets, and without it the 'beeste wallah,' or water carrier, would have to renew his leather bag or bucket in which he carries the water around much oftener than he does now.

"The 'syce,' or groom, uses it to keep the 'sahib's' harness in good order, and a valuable attribute of the oil is, specially in such a climate as India, that it repels rats and vermin. In Asam the plant is widely cultivated as a food for the silkworm. The stalks, which give an excellent pulp, are used for thatching purposes. The oilcake is largely consumed as fuel and is also used as a manure. In Jaipur the palace, public offices and streets are lighted with gas made from a cheap variety of castor oil, grown for the purpose. The natives use the leaves as fodder for their cattle, declaring that it increases the yield of milk. One thing they have not succeeded yet in doing in India, and that is to produce a marketable medicinal oil. This is chiefly made in France, Belgium and England, from the imported seeds, Bombay doing a large export trade in this industry."—New York Tribune.

Gurkhas as Skirmishers.

The hill tribes of the northwest Indian frontier fear Gurkhas even more than Sikh or British soldiers. The Gurkha is himself a highlander, a born sportsman and a good climber. His powers of stalking and taking advantage of cover are remarkable. In the battalion about 50 men per battalion are specially trained as scouts. The best shikaris are selected, practiced in point to point running over rough ground and occasionally told off with blank ammunition to stalk each other on the hillside. Each man fires whenever he sees his enemy, and he is held to be the victor who first shouts out the name of his opponent correctly to the officer superintending the training. In a hill campaign such practiced scouts are specially useful. They enjoy the excitement of stalking and shooting the snipers who prowl round our camps on the lookout for a shot.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Story of Jay Gould.

A story is told of Jay Gould while stopping in Manitou some years ago which illustrates the loneliness of wealth and station. His isolation was oppressive. He wandered about the village, but though he was "the observed of all observers" none ventured to accost him familiarly—in fact, he was avoided. At length he found a seat at the little railway depot. Presently a stranger approached and took a seat beside him. A frank and cordial interchange followed. The stranger was a guest at the same hotel with the millionaire, though each was unknown to the other, but he had met with bad luck and had lost all his money. Mr. Gould returned east that day. When the stranger applied for his bill on the day following he found it had been paid. He also found awaiting him a check for \$500 signed by Jay Gould.—Chicago Tribune.

Why She Cried.

Mrs. Youngwife—Why will you treat me so? Here you are, home at 9 o'clock, when I did not expect you till midnight!

Mr. Younghusband—Well, aren't you glad I came early?

Mrs. Youngwife—No, I'm not. I had just thought what a good scolding I would give you, and now there's no reason for it. I'm going to have a good cry.—London Quiver.

A Cosy Corner for the Ladies.

One of the greatest trials of summer housekeeping is the plague of flies that annually makes life a burden. Even screens do not solve the problem of keeping them out for in well protected homes one often finds some form of a fly catcher. It may be nothing more than a flapping brush made of paper cut in strips, fastened to a handle and used to drive away the few flies that have found entrance. It may be sticky fly paper which, while it slays its thousands, has also a wearisome effect on your nerves as the flies loudly protest against such a lingering death, or again it is poison which speedily kills the flies, but is dangerous to use on account of children and also because of food into which the insects are liable to fall. As good a way as any, perhaps, is by the use of pyrethrum or insect powder. Some fifteen or twenty years since, it was a very popular remedy, and has this to recommend it that it is harmless, and beyond the dust that settles after using is very little trouble. Flies usually gather in some favorite room, or can be driven into one, and then by closing doors and windows and blowing a goodly quantity of the powder from the bellows, which can be procured with the powder, from the druggist, you will find in an hour or so that the flies are dead and ready to be swept up. For use in the home the powder should be used full strength.

PYRETHRUM.

Under the name of "Persian insect powder, and Dalmatian insect powder, this material is sold everywhere in drug stores. It is nothing more than the pulverized flowers of a plant belonging to the same family as the goldenrods, asters and wild sunflowers of roadsides and neglected fence rows. The powder most commonly sold is imported from Asia, but the plant (*Pyrethrum roseum*) is now cultivated in the United States. It is sometimes seen in flower gardens, being a pretty little annual with pale pink and white daisy-like blossoms.

A plant related to the Pyrethrum is cultivated in California, and from it an insect powder known as "buhach" is made.

The Persian insect powder has the advantage over most powders recommended for the same purpose, in being perfectly harmless to man and to the foliage of plants.

Indeed, it is surprising to find a substance so completely harmless to man and plants, having so destructive an effect on insects.

The effect it has on the latter is believed to be due to a volatile oil in the powder. This is soon dissipated when the powder is exposed to air, consequently it is necessary to keep it in a close jar or tightly covered tin can to preserve its value as an insecticide. Applied to the bodies of insects it has commonly a benumbing effect, followed by death, or, if the powder is not good, by complete recovery. If it does not destroy them when first applied, or soon afterwards it will have no further useful effect, as it becomes perfectly inert when exposed to the air, and insects may then eat it without suffering harm.

A solution of the powder possesses the same qualities as the dried material. When used in the form of a powder it may be simply dusted over plants infected with insects, or better, may be blown upon them with powder bellows.

Pyrethrum is best when fresh, and in buying it is to be remembered that powder not kept in air-tight receptacles is not worth using.

SWEET CUCUMBER PICKLES.

Peel ripe cucumbers, take out the seeds, and cut them in pieces about four inches long. Let them stand over night in salted water, then boil in fresh water until tender. Make a syrup of one pound of sugar

to one pint of vinegar with a few whole cloves and allspice. Simmer the cucumbers in the syrup till they look clear and bottle when cold.

Auburndale.

MRS. MURDOCK.

GRAHAM WAFERS.

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sweet cream, salt it slightly and stir it to a stiff dough with graham meal. Flour the molding board well and roll the dough as thin as a wafer, cut with a small cutter and bake in a quick oven. Watch carefully as they burn quickly. These are very dainty.

MRS. MURDOCK.

MUSTARD PICKLES.

Take equal quantities of cauliflower, cucumbers, small onions, beans, young melons and tomatoes. Pick the cauliflower in small pieces, slice the cucumbers if large and cut the musk melon and tomatoes in small pieces. Cover them with strong salted water and let them remain 24 hours, then scald the brine, pour it over the pickles boiling hot, let them stand until cold and then drain. Take $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and mix well together. Stir this into 1 quart of boiling hot vinegar and when smooth pour it over the pickles. Let stand until cold, then bottle. At the end of five weeks it is ready for use.

Malden.

MRS. JOHN ALLEN.

FRUIT CAKE.

1 cup of butter, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of molasses, 3 cups of flour, 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound raisins, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound citron, 1 teaspoonful spice of all kinds, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda. This will keep a year.

Phillips.

MRS. N. P. NOBLE.

LINCOLN CAKE.

2 scant cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter creamed, 2 eggs well beaten, 3 cups pastry flour, 1 cup milk, 1 heaping teaspoon cream tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda.

Lewiston.

MRS. LOWE.

UNHARMFULNESS OF CAKE.

Cake of the simplest kinds, especially sponge, is, and can be, frequently given to the sick. Good sponge cake served with sweet cream or a glass of milk, is an excellent lunch for an invalid.

Some of the plain kinds of butter cakes—those made with a little butter—such as "white," "feather," and similar varieties, are really excellent food. Consider for a moment what they contain,—eggs, milk, butter, sugar, and flour, five of the most valuable of all our food products.

Yet there are those who pride themselves upon not eating cake. This idiosyncrasy can only be explained in one of two ways. Either the cake which they have had has not been properly made, or else it has been so good that, during a lapse of judgement, they have eaten too much.

The dark fruit cakes are to be avoided by both sick and well on account of the indigestible nature of the dried fruits used in them, and also because they are generally very compact and heavy, not light.

There is a custom prevalent in many kitchens of using what is called "cooking butter," that is, butter which is off taste or rancid. If you have no other butter for cake, don't make any. Cake made with that will not come under the head of "unharmful." Sweet butter, and fresh eggs, not "store" eggs, are absolutely necessary.

Also is needed a dainty thinker to oil the pan in which it is to be baked, so that the outside of the cake shall not taste of the fat. Many an otherwise good, harmless cake has been spoiled by doing this with dirty or rancid grease. Use sweet butter or sweet olive oil.

MARY C. BOWLAND.

JOB'S TEARS.

The following item may be of use to some mother whose baby is teething. It is recommended by a doctor of great experience in such cases. Obtain at a druggist five cent's worth of "Job's Tears," which are a vegetable production, and possess medicinal virtues. They resemble highly polished wooden beads. String them and fasten them closely around the baby's neck. They have a soothing effect on the nerves of the neck.

M. E. C.

Hotel Printing!

The Rangeley Lakes is prepared to do the finest class of work for Hotels. Anything from a card to the most elaborate half-tone or color work. Letter Heads, Envelopes, Menu Cards, Booklets, or Circulars.

Rangeley Lakes Publishing Company,

RANGELEY, ME.

[We hasten to use this space, before the eye of some enterprising advertiser lights on it]

The SEVEN PONDS,

These Ponds, situated 27 miles from Rangeley, by Buckboard to Kennebago; thence (after crossing the lake by steamer), by good trail and row boat to Beaver pond. From Kennebago lake six miles by boat; thence by trail to the Meadow Grounds camp, four miles. Here is found excellent fly fishing and a comfortable camp. From the Meadow Grounds there is a mile and a half of boating, and a two and a half mile trail to Beaver pond. No party has, after visiting Beaver pond, disputed but what the distance as given would hold out.

ROUTE FROM BOSTON.—Take Boston & Maine, Maine Central, Sandy River and Phillips & Rangeley Railroads to Rangeley, and Buckboard at Rangeley for Kennebago lake.

ED. CRANT, : : Rangeley, Maine.

Camp Saddleback,

AT DEAD RIVER POND,

A. L. OAKES, Proprietor.

GOOD FLY FISHING and Hunting. Brook Fishing. Pure Spring Water. Trail to the summit of Saddleback Mountain, 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. For Circulars and information, address,

A. L. OAKES, Rangeley, Me.

Hustlin' For the Boat.

The offer which RANGELEY LAKES made to the guides of Rangeley and vicinity has by no means been forgotten.

Every day or so a guide drops in with one or more new names and asks to have them credited to him in the contest. Some guides are writing to their sportsmen friends who will not be able to come this way the present season. In this way our list has received many valuable additions, and is growing every day.

Our original offer was as follows:

To the Guide who brings us in, before the 1st of January, 1896, the largest number of yearly subscriptions—over twenty-five—to RANGELEY LAKES, we will make a present of one of those \$35 painted boats, made by either C. W. Barrett, H. W. Loomis, or Baker Tufts, as the winning guide may select.

Guides contesting for this prize will bear in mind that all names submitted by them must be those of visiting tourists or sportsmen and not local residents. The proprietors reserve the right to reject any or all names on this count.

The contest is still open, and from now on we hope to see it even livelier than in the past. There are several who are close together, but

HINKLEY'S.

This popular hotel is open for visitors at all times. Only a minute's walk from the station. Short distance from lake steamers. Table well-supplied. Good beds. Terms reasonable.

EBEN HINKLEY,

Proprietor,

Rangeley, : : : Maine.

Job Printing

NEATLY EXECUTED,

At This OFFICE.

Dr. B. J. KENDALL'S QUICK RELIEF,

Toothache and headache goodbye. I'm going to get a bottle of Quick Relief And keep it nigh.—Heart failures and all internal pains.—Don't worry, it will cure you, all the same. Warranted to cure Colic in horses, or money refunded. For sale at G. A. Proctor's, Rangeley, Me.; Kimball Bros. & Co., sole proprietors. Enosburg Falls, Vt. 3m7*

The Hustler Will Get There!

Rangeley Lakes.

Published every Thursday morning, by the

Rangeley Lakes Publishing Company,

HARRY P. DILL AND ELLIOTT C. DILL,
Editors and Proprietors.

Entered at the Rangeley (Maine) Post Office
as Second Class Matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00 Per Year
In Advance.

Devoted to the Interests of the Whole
Rangeley Lakes Region.

ADVERTISING Rates Reasonable, and will
be made known on application.

Address all communications to
RANGELEY LAKES, Rangeley, Maine.

RANGELEY, ME., THURSDAY, SEPT. 26, 1895.

Next to a Fall Vacation

Take Rangeley Lakes.

If you are not going to visit Maine's famous
hunting resort, the Rangeleys, this fall, you
will nevertheless wish to know all about what
is going on up in the forests.

In order to keep yourself thus posted, send
us one dollar and receive

Rangeley Lakes

For one year. In that way you will get

All The Sporting News

Served up each week in the

Best And Breeziest

Fashion. In addition to the sporting news, you
will find lots of other interesting things in the
columns of Rangeley Lakes.

Send In Your Dollar!

This thieving from summer cottages
after they are closed has become too se-
riously common. Old Orchard reports the
first cases this season, and evidently the
sneaks are starting early. The best way
is to leave as few valuables as may be, in
the cottages—though the thieves often
destroy what they don't deem worth steal-
ing, says the Lewiston Journal. We think
the end will have been reached about the
Rangeley Lakes regions before the present
term of court at Farmington is ended.

This Year's Railroad Business.

Since Rangeley is one of the primary
causes of the Maine Central's rushing
summer business, the following figures
from the Maine Central's annual report,
are of a local interest:

	1895.	1894.
Gross earnings,	\$4,830,761.38	\$4,655,585.33
Operating expenses,	3,035,172.23	2,928,156.76
Income from operation,	1,894,589.15	1,727,428.57
Income from other sources,	27,230.20	34,504.73
Total income,	1,831,819.35	1,791,933.33
Net income,	420,889.28	329,336.00
Surplus from operations,	122,369.78	30,834.50
Total surplus June 30,	612,609.94	497,554.94

This showing is a very satisfactory one
and a notable improvement over last sea-
son. The total passenger earnings were
\$2,097,819.20, and the number of passengers
carried, 1,627,046. The total freight earn-

ings were \$2,716,642.15, and the tons of
freight carried, 1,981,070 tons.

Rangeley, together with the other fam-
ous resorts of Maine, furnish the attrac-
tions which draw summer visitors hither,
and the Maine Central's unsurpassed ser-
vice makes their journey both speedy and
delightful. Maine, and the Maine Central
lead New England on the summer resort
business.

'TWIXT YOU AND ME.

There was a young devil called Hall,
Who was filled up immensely with gall;
In the foreman's new hat,
He put ink, think of that!
And later went off in a squall.

If Governor Culberson takes a fist in
the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight, there will
be a livelier mill than the managers
counted on.

A hunter who fires without full knowl-
edge of what the object he aims at is,
should be held to strict criminal account-
ability for the consequences of any mis-
take.—*Exchange*.

Better still, arm him with a boomerang
warranted to come back and execute the
one who uses it.

Here are two clippings *on the bloomer
question from different papers. The first
is from the Chicago (Ills.) Tribune and the
second from the Rumford Falls (Me.)
Times.

NO. 1.

Charles B. Parker, M. D., of Cleveland,
vice president of the Mississippi Valley
Medical association, thinks bloomers ugly
and said so at the meeting to-day. He said
he had viewed death and disease in many
horrid forms without a quail, but a wom-
an with a garment like a pair of saddle-
bags on made him both sick and sad. He
couldn't get used to it.

NO. 2.

I was at the village the other day and
met two blooming maidens in bloomers,
riding their wheels. The idea of there
being anything immodest in the bloomer
costume is straining a trifle I think. To
me it is nice and sensible. Put on the
bloomers girls, and don't go flopping your
skirts in defence of false modesty. How-
ever, anyway you can fix yourselves you
are sweet and you keep the world young
and make it a place worth stopping in.

The west is usually credited with being
more receptive to new ideas, but the above
opinions indicate the reverse.

Apropos of the endless discussion of the
bloomer question, it is my own opinion
that, unless the men cease ridiculing the
bifurcated garment, the women will rise
en masse and don bloomers, just to vindic-
ate their 'independence' in the matter of
dress. I hope, I'm wrong, though!

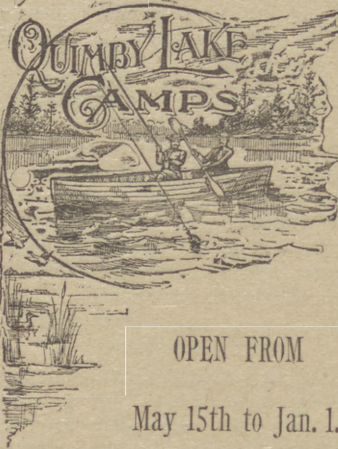
A popular clerk of the Harpswell line,
who is also an expert marksman, has ex-
pended considerable ammunition of late
on what he considered was an invulnerable
seal, which was always to be found off
Sand island. This morning it was dis-
covered that he had been wasting his lead
upon a lobster buoy.—*Portland Express*.

Which places the clerk on a par with
the dog that tried to take a fall out of
the cast-iron canine which served to orna-
ment the lawn.

A Hundred Square Miles of Corn.

Speaking of large corn crops and fertile
fields, suppose you take a peep at the corn-
field opposite Henderson, if you are ever
down in that part of the country. This
field is said to be 10 miles long and 10
miles wide—just 100 square miles in all.
It is a fair sample of some of the fine corn
producing land in Kentucky and Indiana
river bottoms. In this particular tract
there are 64,000 acres, and it is estimated
by competent judges that each acre will
produce 60 bushels. Sixty-four thousand
acres at 60 bushels to the acre amounts to
3,840,000 bushels. At 40 ears to the bush-
el we have the total of 153,600,000 ears. If
it were all ground into meal and made in-
to a hoecake, the cake would cover North
and South America, with a few islands
thrown in. While a resident of Cape Horn
was nibbling at one end of it Eskimos at
the north pole might be changing their
diet from whale blubber to corn bread.—
Louisville Post.

OAKES & SCOTT.



OPEN FROM

May 15th to Jan. 1.

Best Trout Fishing IN THE RANGELEY REGION!

New camps, built and furnished in the best possi-
ble manner, ample supply of new boats, and every
accommodation for sportsmen and families.

Quimby Lake is a beautiful spot, but six miles from
Rangeley, with a good road direct to the camps, no
tiresome buckboarding. Round Pond, Dodge Pond,
and the Kennebago Stream, are but two miles
distant.

OAKES & SCOTT,

Proprietors.

RANGELEY, - - - MAINE.

FOREST CAMPS, LOON LAKE, RANGELEY, MAINE.

MOOSE,
CARIBOU,
DEER,
AND
BIRD
SHOOTING.

LOON LAKE, situated five miles from Range-
ley, on the Kennebago road, is one of the
best sporting resorts in Maine, and at the same
time the surroundings and provisions for the
comfort of guests make it exceptionally popu-
lar with parties who wish to take their fami-
lies from the city during the hot weather. Mail
is received at Forest Camps, daily. Our guests
have the advantage of a good carriage road
for three miles of the distance from Rangeley
Village to our camps. Those who would enjoy
the walk for a part of the distance over the
road through the woods can take a carriage at
Rangeley for the first three miles and enjoy
that recreation for the last two. Boats and
Guides furnished. Open from May 1st to Jan.
1st. For terms address, R. S. YORK, Rangeley.

THE
HOME
OF
THE
GAMIEST
TROUT.

R. S. YORK & J. F. OAKES, Proprietors.

* F * F * V *
* I * T * T *
* I * I * E *
* L * N * H * O *
* S * N * R *
* Y * G * E * P *
* H * E * Y *

There is no section in the whole region that affords so much
real sport as at this Lake, the water is

KENNEBAGO

Pure and cold, the trout ever ready to take a fly. More are
taken in these waters than any other

LAKE

Pond in the State. The trout are not all small; there are big
trout there, and five-pounders are frequently taken.

HOUSE,

No sportsman has ever been here and returned without his full catch. Little Kennebago is
only three miles away, by row boats.

Kennebago, : : Maine.

And is famous for the sport given fishermen. The Headquarters are at the head of Kennebago
Lake.

RICHARDSON BROTHERS,

The Kennebago Lake House is only ten miles from Rangeley, and the railroad, and is reached
by a buckboard road. The scenery is unsurpassed.

Proprietors.

Parties desiring can have Camps for their own private use. Boats, Guides, and all provisions
furnished on application. P. O. Address, Kennebago Lake, Maine.

PHILLIPS LOCALS.

D. F. Field, Bates '94, is to enter Harvard
Law School.

Daniel Hoyt, of Farmington, was in
town Tuesday.

Geo. S. Pickens, Greene's stage driver,
was in town Tuesday.

Dr. Brimigion, of Stratton, was in
town to attend the Fair.

George Bangs, of Deering, has been
visiting relatives in town.

Fred Bonney, of Cambridge, Mass., has
been visiting in town for some time.

Bertie Carlton, who has been ill from
fever for some weeks, is slowly recovering.

Mrs. Flora Roberts, of Lisbon, and Mrs.
Golder, of Strong, are at Mrs. W. H.
McKeen's.

Two or three drunks the first day of the
Fair. They were put in the "cooler" till
they sobered off.

Quite a number of wells are being dug
this summer. Water now means water at
all future time.

A few days ago a certain person, who
had been suspected of selling the ardent,
was given so long a time to leave the
town and the county. He left.

Henry Bartlett, a former Phillipian,
came up on the Bath excursion and greeted
his many friends.

Frank H. Wilbur has had his buildings
painted a nice shade of yellow, which
makes them equal to new.

Anyone driving a short distance is a
living illustration that man is formed
"out of the dust of the earth."

Wm. H. Moulton, of Hudson, Mass.,
and his brother Edwin and wife, of Wor-
cester, are visiting their native town.

The game of base-ball, Tuesday, between
West Freeman and Avon, was won by the
latter team; score, 8 to 25. Phillips played
Weld a match later, beating them by a
score of 8 to 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jacobs and Mr. D.
H. Northy, of Damariscotta, and Miss
Hopkins, of New Castle, came on the Bath
excursion and visited at A. G. Turner's
house. Mr. Jacobs is one of the proprie-
tors of the Maine Hotel at Damariscotta.

Bank Examiner Timberlake enters upon
his duties, and for the first business is to
investigate the Granite State Provident
Association, which is taking an immense
amount of money from the State. The
agent of the Company was in Phillips last
year and secured lots of takers of shares.

With the Sportsmen.

The fisherman goes forth for sport;
He flings his line aright;
And soon the gay mosquito comes—
That's when he gets a bite.

Supt. Richardson says they see deer in the vicinity of the O. A. A. Camps nearly every day.

Shooting partridges before the law came off, cost a Richmond man \$5.00 and costs, last week.

Senator Frye saw a caribou Friday in the vicinity of his camp, at the narrows, Cupsuptic Lake.

Since last Thursday the boom of the shotgun has been heard in the woods. Later on it will be accompanied by the crack of the rifle.

1500 land-locked salmon and 1500 lake trout were brought to Allen's Mills in charge of C. E. Wheeler, of Farmington, and were placed in Sucker brook, so called, recently.

David Harris, of Eustis, trapped a big bear Saturday, in the Marshall's back field. This is the fifth one that has been in his trap this season, but he has only captured two.

John G. Howland and wife, of Bridgeport, Conn., have been at Kennebago and Seven Ponds for some days past. From their camp on Little Kennebago they were out three hours and caught on the fly, one hundred trout. Melvin D. Tibbetts was their guide.

Next season when the Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes R. R. gets to Bemis, perhaps we can get the U. S. Government to send their fish car up this way and give the Rangeley Lakes a few of the fish they are distributing in many other favored sections of the State.

Gen. Harmon of New Haven, Conn., with Henry H. Dill as guide, made a record last week that is not often beaten. In two hours on the Rangeley Lake they took a five-pound salmon, three trout averaging 3½ lbs., three averaging 3 lbs., and one of a pound. All taken with a fly. The salmon required 40 minutes to land.

Gene Soule is in from Seven ponds, where he has been guiding for Messrs. Mathews of New York, and Brown of Boston, since Sept. 1st. They had fair fishing, and saw quantities of deer. They were treated to a sight rarely seen in this section so early in the season. On the morning of Sept. 14th, the mountains, all of them, were white with snow, and in making the ascent of Snow mountain, they were obliged to shake the snow from the scrub trees in order to get a look off.

The Rangeley liar isn't in with the southerner who tells the following: One spring, while a party of Atlantans were fishing at the dead lakes, in Florida, a well-known Atlanta lawyer lost his gold watch from the boat in which he was sitting. The next spring he made another visit to the lakes and during the first day's sport caught an eight pound trout. His astonishment could not be imagined when he found his watch lodged in the mouth of the trout. The watch was running and the time correct. It being a stemwinder, the supposition is that in masticating his food the fish wound up the watch daily. Gee whizz! what a lie!

Tim Pond.

Dr. E. C. Merrill of Farmington, and brother Charles E., Cashier of Adams Express Co., Hartford, Conn., returned from a trip to Tim Pond, Tuesday. They found fishing excellent, as is the verdict of all.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

Col. York, of Loon Lake Paddles Onto a Big Bear.

While out in a boat at Loon Lake the other day, R. S. York, proprietor of Forest Camps, had a rather unusual experience. He was paddling close to the shore when he saw a large animal in the water about four rods ahead. A second glance showed it to be a large bear standing in about twenty inches of water.

Just about this time the bear got her eyes on Mr. York. She was big and heavy and the water impeded her progress, but all the same she slid back into the bushes and out of sight with almost incredible agility. So quick was her exit from the water that ere the man in the boat could lay down his paddle and take up his rifle, she had disappeared.

Mr. York went ashore and examined her tracks. Her footprints measured eight inches across, which shows that she was a monster. Around the big tracks were smaller ones, evidently made by one or more of her cubs.

Attacked by a Moose.

A correspondent, writing from Mecumoma, Muskoka, to the Montreal Witness, gives an interesting account of an adventure with a moose. While making a toboggan trail through a pine forest he came upon a moose yard, and on looking round saw one of the "giants of the forest" about 50 yards distant.

After a moment, he writes, the moose turned and walked behind a hill, which, though not high, was steep. I ran to the top with all speed, hoping to get a view of the lordly creature as he made his way through the bush. I could not see him at first, but on looking down the steep incline there he was, and ten yards away.

He turned to make off, but striking his ribs against the projecting limb of a small hemlock he was thrown down and round the tree, and as he rose he faced me. It was now my turn to run, for the moose charged at me with erected mane, expressing his rage by a fierce bellow.

In turning I stumbled, the ground being very uneven, and his feet nearly came down on me, as I dodged among some trees. I tried to strike with my hatchet, the only weapon I had, but did not succeed in injuring my pursuer. With some difficulty I at last got into the deep snow, where my snowshoes were of more use to me.

The moose still pursued me, roaring at intervals, and one who has not heard a moose roar can form but little idea of the terrible bellowing. After several attempts to strike me with his front feet he balked and stood about 20 yards away pawing and roaring. I seized this opportunity to climb a tree, and soon after the animal turned and made off.

Of all the adventures I have had in the bush—and they number a few—the one I have just related came the nearest to being my death.

Forest Fires Reported.

As we go to press we learn that large forest fires are raging in or near Bemis. A telephone from Haines Landing informs us that immense volumes of smoke arise from the Magalloway section; but there is no definite information as to the exact location of its source.

[Continued from page 1].

Mrs. John Shepard, a fine collection of pickles in jars.

In other departments the exhibits were rather scattering, but the trade exhibits were better than ever before.

A full report of Thursday's proceedings will appear in next week's issue.

EARLY HOURS.

The Rustle and Bustle of Getting Things In Order for and Opening.

The first day of North Franklin Annual Fair opened Tuesday. Early every road leading to the park was alive with strings of cattle, bands of sheep, horses and colts. There were ox-carts with crates of swine, coops of poultry, pumpkins, corn and "garden sass" of all kinds. Here is a happy, bright-faced boy running this way and that way to head off some unruly creature, and his cheerful voice rings out. "Hey there, her" up, get back in't the road, hang yer ol' picter." Another small urchin with a long goad is guiding several yokes of steers, and his "Hish Buck, gee Star, her Line there!" is shouted with all the vim of an old veteran.

At the ticket office Treasurer Peary is exchanging tickets for the dollars, as fast as the names can be inserted. "Say, can't you pay me my wives' premium to-day?" Asks one, while another is running back and forth from his uneasy herd to the window, and calls, "Here, give me a ticket an' I'll be back an' pay yer soon's I get my critters tied up."

At the gate everyone is scanned by William Howland and D. O. Gleason. They know every member and every member of his family. When one of them waves his hand you can go in all right, otherwise, you must "call at the Captain's office and settle."

There is a crowd about the Secretaries office, a perfect or imperfect pandemonium; each has several entries to be made; all want to be first, and every one has lots of questions to ask. One wants a change made in his entry. He has discovered another class not filled where he can capture a coveted award. Order comes at last and the committees begin to come in with their reports.

About thirty dollars' worth of new books have just been put into the Methodist Sunday-School library.

FIERCE FIRE.

Raging in Avon—Hard Fight to Keep It In Check.

PHILLIPS, Me., Sept. 24 (special).—Sunday night the people living in the Pleasant Valley neighborhood of Avon, noticed with apprehension, that the fires burning on various cutdowns were spreading. By Monday the flames gained such headway that the farmers turned out to fight fire. Fanned by the heavy gale during the following night, the fire was raging frightfully Tuesday morning. The wind continued till sundown, when the conflagration quieted down somewhat.

The area covered by the flames reaches from Natt Well's field to the school-house near Avon township. At the school-house watchers were stationed Monday night, and by efforts saved the building.

A small building in the Savage neighborhood formerly occupied by John Shepard was burned Tuesday.

If the fire crosses the stream, Farmers will clear their buildings.

IN ANOTHER DIRECTION.

At the same time the fire was raging in Avon, a fierce blaze was at work in the Bragg Corner district of Phillips. The fire came within a few rods of the house of David Smith. The neighbors turned out to assist in putting out the blaze.

Madrid.

The house of Gilman Hinkley, in Madrid village, burned Friday noon. Parties from Rangeley, who were on Saddleback, plainly saw the flames.

WEEKLY REGISTER.

TRANSCRIBED FROM THE RANGELEY LAKE HOUSE REGISTER.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18.

F. S. Hovey,	Portland
Wm. S. Whitney,	Fall River, Mass.
S. C. Durell and Mat Blynn,	Stratton.
F. A. Little,	Augusta.
J. Eastman,	Portland.
E. Meyer and wife,	New York.
Horace Haynes,	Bangor.
Henry O. Stanley,	Dixfield.
E. Russell,	Farmington.

THURSDAY, Sept. 18.

A. W. Haskell and wife,	Brunswick.
Geo. B. McClench,	Hallowell.
A. A. Montgomery,	Portland.
Walter E. Chase and wife,	Bath.
Mrs. J. R. Knowlton,	Do.
Mrs. William Morse,	Do.
Miss Louise Morse,	Do.
Miss Annie Hodgdon,	Do.
Mrs. F. A. Herriek,	Do.
W. B. Ward and wife,	Elizabeth N. J.
W. H. Curley,	Boston.
E. Lynch,	Do.
S. T. Baker,	Do.
A. W. Jones,	Portland.
W. A. Drake, M. D.,	Weymouth.
W. B. Adce,	Portland.
Georgell Morton and wife,	Do.
William Lyons,	Do.
Miss H. M. Conant,	Farmington.
E. A. Butler and wife,	Rockland.
E. M. Jacob and wife,	Damariscotta.
Miss Hopkins,	Do.
E. R. Campbell,	Lisbon Falls.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20.

James Wood and wife,	Lewiston.
J. W. Brackitt and wife,	Phillips.
F. S. Barnum,	New York.
Geo. B. Woodmon,	Lewiston.
E. S. Boss,	Williamatic, Conn.
J. M. Ried,	Do.
Eugene Atwood,	Do.
Charles W. Porter and wife,	Lynn, Mass.
Marrion C. Porter,	Do.
Warren S. Wilber,	Rangeley.

SATURDAY, Sept. 21.

E. Nilson and wife,	Malden, Mass.
E. W. Cobb and wife,	Do.
Miss S. O. Hoffman,	Flushing, N. Y.
Miss G. L. Gordon,	Do.
A. W. Haskell and wife,	Brunswick.
Chas. F. Dowse,	Boston.
Granton H. Dowse,	Do.
J. W. Morse,	Do.
A. D. Hodges, Jr.,	San Francisco.
W. F. Eaton,	Portland.
E. S. Eaton,	Do.
W. W. Colby,	Do.
Jas. Hal,	Springfield.
D. Hal,	Do.
Frank A. Emery and wife,	No. Jay.
Mrs. H. S. Cloffin,	Milford.
F. W. Tucker,	Boston.
F. N. Bemiss,	Do.
W. L. Smart,	Merrimac.
C. F. Packard,	Farmington.

SUNDAY, Sept. 22.

A. F. Lamb,	Providence, R. I.
Jas. M. Scott,	Do.
Chas. A. Winson,	Do.
Chas. A. Brown,	Boston.
D. I. Mackie,	New York.
John Harmon Rhoades,	Do.

MONDAY, Sept. 23.

D. W. Davis,	Phillips.
L. W. Atwood and wife,	Portland.
Mrs. J. F. Rowell,	New York.
L. Annie Hunter,	Machias, Me.
Carrie Hunter,	West Freeman.
Miss Thomas,	Phillips.

TUESDAY, Sept. 10.

H. B. Palmer,	Phillips.
J. F. Sanborn and wife,	Farmington.
M. N. Smith and wife,	Brookline, Mass.
Master Nelson H. Smith,	Do.
Miss Miriam Smith and maid,	Do.
Geo. L. Wright,	Springfield, Mass.
Carrie A. Wright,	Do.
W. F. Sturtevant and wife,	Do.
W. F. Stewart and wife,	Do.
Daniel Hoyt,	Farmington.
Chas. F. Smith,	Boston.
M. R. Greene and wife,	Providence, R. I.
S. F. Darling and wife,	Do.
F. A. Lawter and wife,	Gardiner.
Mrs. Evans,	Washington, D. C.
C. M. Whitin and wife,	Whitinsville, Mass.
Miss Clark,	Do.
A. F. Rioreh,	N. Y. City.
S. L. Whitin and wife,	Whitinsville, Mass.
Geo. Phillips,	Vanceboro.
Chas. Staples, Jr.,	Portland.

A Queen's Gentle Rebuke.

Speaking of the womanly qualities of Queen Victoria reminds me of a good story told of some one—I forget the name for the moment—who has the hereditary right to wear his hat in the presence of the sovereign. Availing himself of the privilege in the presence of the queen, her majesty quickly noticed the incident and quietly remarked that although a gentleman might have the right to wear his hat in the presence of his queen it was not usual for one to do so in the presence of a lady. —Lady's Pictorial.

Men trust rather to their eyes than to their ears. The effect of precepts is therefore slow and tedious, while that of examples is summary and effectual.—Seneca.

The shoe leather annually worn out by the people of the United States is said to

MRS. CARLISLE NOT A BLOOMERITE.

Queer Law of the United States That Protects Boors if They are Connected With Foreign Mission.

[Special Correspondence of RANGELEY LAKES]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 24.—Although it has been stated that the Clevelanders would not return to Washington until about the middle of October, signs are not lacking of their earlier return, and no one should be surprised any day to learn that they are again domiciled in the White House. One of those signs is the return of President Cleveland's carriage horses from the Maryland farm upon which they spent the summer, and another is the air of expectancy worn by those White House employees connected with the domestic branch of the mansion.

Mrs. Carlisle laughed at the story sent from Washington while she was away about her having taken to bicycle riding, the costumes she favored, etc. She doesn't know any more about a bicycle than she does about a saw mill, but she says that if she ever feels inclined to ride one she will not hesitate to do so. Mrs. Carlisle is not an admirer of the "new woman" when that individual affects bloomers and and other masculine oddities, but in her the real "new woman," who has the courage and character to take all responsibilities thrust upon her, even to the extent of supporting by her own industry dependent families, always finds a sympathetic friend. She thinks that the one necessary thing for women to remember and live up to always is that they are women.

There was no grief among the society men of Washington at the disgrace of Senor Alberto Fombona Palacio, an attache of the Venezuelan legation, who was ignominiously fined in a New York police court for insulting women on the street. They have nothing especially against Senor Alberto etc., but he represents the class which the Society women of Washington have seen fit to put far above all ordinary Americans, notwithstanding the knowledge of the boorishness and caddishness of many of these young foreigners, which is public property. Senor Jose Andrade, the Venezuelan minister, takes a very different view of the matter. He threatens to have the policeman who made the arrest, the sergeant who refused to release Senor Alberto etc. when he declared his identity, the judge who fined him and the woman who complained of having been insulted by him sent to prison for three years or more, and the odd end of the thing is that he has the law behind the threat. Although backed by the law it is doubtful whether the Venezuelan minister will see fit to make a fuss about this thing. Senor Alberto, etc., admitted that he was guilty of insulting the woman on the street, and then objected to being punished therefor, because his being an attache of a foreign legation gave him immunity from American law. He should consider himself fortunate in having been dealt with by law, instead of by a gun in the hands of an irate male relative of the woman insulted. It is probable that Senor Alberto etc. will arrange for his recall by his government, in order to prevent this government, making a request to that effect.

The government will be largely represented at the dedication of the national park on the battlefield of Chickamauga. The Vice President and a quorum of the Cabinet will be there; also, Gen. Schofield and his entire staff. Some of these officials will visit the Atlanta Exposition before returning to Washington.

"What will be the leading social fad of the coming season?" was asked of a bright young society woman. Without a moment's pause she answered: "Same old thing—man." After the laugh had subsided she continued: "What you probably wish to know is what will be the minor fads upon which the women of

society will utilize their minds when the men are not around." Upon being assured that any information in that line would be thankfully received and widely disseminated through this paper, she said: "You are a month or two ahead of time with the question. I am a member of a coterie—don't write it club—of society women, which gets together at the beginning of each season and endeavors to agree upon the fads that shall be recognized and encouraged during the season. Until that meeting is held I cannot undertake to predict. Few of us have yet returned to town, and those who have are more interested in their fall and winter costumes than in fads. Goodbye, I have an engagement with my whilom mistress—the dressmaker."

THE DUDE HAD GRIT.

But it was a Close Call for the Scientific Gentleman.

He Picked Up a Frozen Rattler, Which Thawed Out as He Carried It in the Hot August Sun—Florida Snake Sharps Astounded at the Deed.

"I was once on a gunning trip during the month of August in the hummocks along the lower St. Johns river. I came to a hotel on the river bank that was keeping open for the little business brought to it by the river traffic. Back of the hotel was a fringe of pines, and beyond the pines was a reach of barren country covered with a growth of blue palmetto and galberry.

"Among the persons staying at the hotel were two young men whose interest in the region centered in those things which pertained to natural history. Both were well dressed. Their hands were white and smooth. In town they might have been taken for bank tellers. One morning, before the sun had taken the chill out of the air, one of these guests, in a pair of rather genteel top boots, wandered for a considerable distance through the low palmetto scrub. In his path he found a rattle-snake twice as long as the orange wood stick with which he walked.

"The chill of the night air was still in the marrow of the reptile, and it was an easy matter for the young naturalist to clutch the snake just back of his jaws and hold him in a firm grasp with the thumb and circling forefinger of the right hand. Carefully lifting the body of the snake with the left hand the naturalist started for the hotel with his greatly valued prize, carrying his orange wood cane under his left arm.

"There is nothing else that so warms the cockles of a rattlesnake's heart as the vertical rays of the sun, and before the young naturalist had made half the journey to the hotel, the captive snake had managed unobserved, to twist his tail about his captor's thigh. Thus anchored, he gave an able-bodied pull, which was the naturalist's first intimation that the snake was putting off his sluggishness. With his left hand the man was about to unwind the coil from his thigh, but he found that if he let go the snake at its middle the muscle of the reptile would be too much for the right hand grasp at its throat, which was the only safeguard against a stroke from its deadly fangs. So he tightened his grasp upon the neck and quickened his pace toward the hotel.

"The sun mounted toward the zenith and his rays became warmer. They gave strength and quickness to the captive reptile. Instead of a steady draw from the tightening coil around the man's thigh came a series of angry writhings which severely tested the strength in the hands and arms unused to endurance. With each convulsion a change in the tint reflected from the monster's scales ran like a thrill from its head to its tail, and then came the warning rattle that nobody has to hear a second time in order that he may know its meaning. The flag on the cupola of the hotel hung limp in the hazy

distance. The orange wood stick had fallen from beneath the arm of the young naturalist. A numbness was taking possession of the muscles in his arms and wrists. He knew what that meant. Meanwhile the diamond marked reptile was warming up for the struggle. His eyes from pits of molten lead had become deep set diamonds. His angry writhings were fearful to see. He was venom incarnate.

"It was looking exceedingly serious, not to say desperate, for the young naturalist. Cheerfully would he have put aside his enthusiasm in the cause of science and cast the reptile from him, but that he could not do. The rattler's tail was coiled tightly about his leg, and if the man had loosed his hold upon the neck and middle of the reptile its fangs would have made their deadly mark upon him while yet the coil was unbroken. His life depended upon his reaching the hotel before the strength in his arms gave out, and how much strength he had left he knew not, for the numbness in them had driven out the sense of feeling. Again he quickened his pace.

"It must have seemed an endless journey to the young naturalist as he hurried along, his eyes fixed upon the writhing monster, except when they were raised for an instant to glance at the flag hanging above the hotel, but at last he was within the grounds. His friend rushed forward from the little group on the veranda, but turned and ran back when he saw the look on the young naturalist's face. In a moment he appeared with a strong cord and a cane, which he had caught up in the hallway. While he was tying a slip noose in the cord neither of the men spoke, but it was easy to see that both knew there was no time to waste.

"As the noose was slipped over the reptile's head and tightened by means of the cane a convulsion stronger than any that had preceded it drew together the benumbed hands which held the writhing creature, and they yielded to the force that drew them toward the coil, which now twice encircled the man's thigh.

"I've got him," said the man who held the noose.

"Well, kindly untwist his tail. My hands are a trifle tired," said the other.

"This service was done quickly, and the two young naturalists went to their rooms with their captive.

"Among those who had stood speechless while these things were going on was Rattlesnake Bob, a local snake expert from up the creek. As the young men disappeared he said, without shutting his mouth:

"Waal, I'll be — if them dudes hain't got grit!"

"Yes," said one of the guests. "They're catching snakes for the Smithsonian institution to experiment with."—N. Y. Sun.

OUT OF DOORS.

Loons.

The Great Northern Diver, or Loon. Theodore Winthrop, in speaking of them says: "No being has ever shot a loon, though several have legends of some one who has.

Sound has no power to express a profounder emotion of utter loneliness than the loon's cry. Standing in piny darkness on the lake's bank, or floating in dimness of mist or glimmer of twilight on its surface, you hear this wailing note, and all possibility of human tenancy by the shore or human voyaging is annihilated. You can fancy no response to this signal of solitude disturbed, and again it comes sadly over the water, the despairing plaint of some companionless and incomplete existence, exiled from happiness it has never known, and conscious only of blank and utter want.

Loon skins have a commercial value; so it is reported. The Barabazians of Siberia, a nation "up beyond the River Ob," tan them into water-proof *paletots* or *aquascutimis*. How they catch their loon before they skin their loon, is one of the things yet to be revealed about that unknown and incomprehensible realm."

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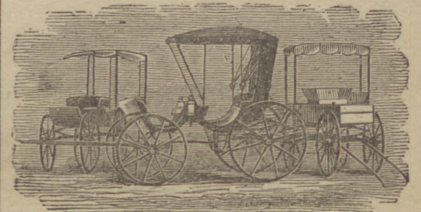
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Job Printing NEATLY EXECUTED At Rangeley Lakes Printing Office.

SAVED A COLLISION.

AN ENGINEER'S STORY OF A CAPRICIOUS LOCOMOTIVE.

She Refused to Do Good Work, and Butler Was Mad Clean Through—When He Knew of the Operator's Oversight, He Changed His Mind About the Engine.

"I will tell you about one of the strangest freaks of a locomotive that ever occurred in my experience on the road," said Harmon P. Butler, the best known Southern Pacific engineer in California, the other day. "It happened in the summer of 1884, when I was pulling freight from Tucson, A. T., to Los Angeles, and I have never come across anybody who could give an explanation of my experience, and have never been able to see through it myself. You may draw your own conclusions.

"The night I had my experience was dark and stormy. It was in the period of peculiar storms and cloudbursts down in Arizona. I was ordered from Tucson for the overland express that left there at midnight. Somehow everything seemed to go wrong that night. The fireman seemed to be slower than usual, and he had a great time getting his coal placed in the tender. The locomotive hostler at the roundhouse had forgotten to fix the oil valves, and the boiler never made steam so slowly. To make matters worse, the train dispatcher kept us in the station a plump hour past regular leaving time, and just before we started the conductor came to me and said the general superintendent was on board the train and would go way through with us.

"I ought to say here, even if it does sound egotistical, that I had at that time made the best time known over the Southern Pacific and was generally deputed to haul the big bugs from the east over the road whenever they came in a special car and wanted extra consideration.

"This was the first time the superintendent had ever been on my train, and of course I was anxious to sustain my good reputation. But the fates were against me—an hour late, the night dark and stormy. Well, we pulled out of the station with my mind made up to reach our destination on time if the wheels would stay under her. As soon as we were out of Tucson I put on all the steam and let her go. But she didn't seem to move at half her usual speed, and then she didn't make steam well either. I began to be impatient and scolded the fireman for not doing good work with his fire. He seemed to try his best, but it was no go. She would not steam well in spite of his exertions. Then the pumps began to be troublesome. One of them stopped working altogether, and the other became more ineffective every minute. It began to dawn on me that making up time was out of the question.

"You may imagine my feelings, for it seemed to me as if my whole reputation was staked on this trip. I profess to know my business pretty well and can get speed out of an engine if any man can, and my heart was down below zero when we began to drop behind our regular running time. But it was no use. Everything was against me. I was mad clear through.

"When we left Maricopa, we were an hour and ten minutes late, and the conductor had just made a remark that nettled me quite a little. I had asked him if there were any orders at Maricopa. He answered, 'None, except to try to get to Yuma in time for dinner,' which was pure sarcasm, for if we made our running time we would be there in time for breakfast. Well, my heart was clean down in my boots, and when I shut off the steam going into Big Wells I found the water so low in the boiler that something had to be done for the pump before we could leave that station, as there was then a heavy grade to climb for several miles. I informed the conductor that we would be delayed 15 or 20 minutes with the work of taking down one of the pumps and then proceeded with the work.

"We were just about ready to start again when I heard the sharp whistle of an engine, and looking up I saw a special tourist excursion train from southern California approaching from the very direction in which we were going. When the train pulled into the station, we found that the telegraph operator at Maricopa had neglected to give us meeting order for this train. Had it not been for the pumps we

would have dashed on to what would probably have been one of the most terrible collisions in the history of railroads.

"Now comes the remarkable part of the story. From the time we left Big Wells both pumps worked like a charm—bear in mind that I found nothing whatever the matter with the pump that I had taken down, and there was apparently no reason for its not working—and the old engine seemed to dart along with twice her usual speed. Gradually she began to pick up time again, and in the next 50 miles we made up 15 minutes, which was lightning speed in those days. There were just 19 minutes to make up the last 20 miles in, and I need not say that we pulled into our destination on time. Here was an instance of a cranky engine's saving a collision that would probably have resulted in a great loss of life and property.

"Railroading is full of such experiences. As to the peculiarities of engineers, it is not best for me to say much, for I am a queer sort of a fellow myself. But there is one engineer running on this road now who thinks his engine can feel, for when she doesn't run fast enough to please him he beats her with a heavy oak club that he always has aboard the locomotive when he takes her. Old Hank Turley, who ran on the Central Pacific from Ogden to Reno for 25 years, would never sleep anywhere but in his engine cab when he was out on the road, because, he said, he knew from hundreds of experiments that his own engine wanted constant company day and night in order to give the best speed in her. He told me that he had left his engine alone several times in the roundhouse at night, just to prove to himself that he made no mistake in his belief, and that he invariably made poor time and had much trouble with the machinery for several days afterward.

"The locomotive engineers here think a heap more of their engines than the eastern engineers. Many a man out here will stick to an old engine after it has become so worn and old as to be dangerous, because he can't bear to give up his old machine. I suppose the memory of the plains and hundreds of miles we travel on the plains without seeing villages and cities as the engineers do in the eastern states makes the western men more attached to their engines.—Los Angeles Cor. New York Sun.

The Birch Tree That Split a Rock.

Among the hills of old Berkshire is a noble birch tree, gigantic in trunk and limb and abundant in foliage, which towers above its neighboring companions, but grows apparently out of an immense granite boulder. Here, one might think, it would have paused, submitting to the adamant pressure, either crushed utterly to the earth or dwarfed and deformed by its unyielding environment. But it had the irresistible evolutionary forces of nature behind it. The sunlight above wooed it from its prison house. It pushed upward toward the light. Gradually the little crevice in the rock was widened, the great boulder was split asunder as by the hammer of Thor—the noble tree was scarcely distorted by the struggle, protected from destructive storms by its conquered enemy.—Boston Transcript.

The Crafty Talleyrand.

I saw Talleyrand at Lansdowne House—like a corpse, with his hair dressed ailes de pigeon bien poudre. As Lord Lansdowne drolly said: "How much those ailes de pigeon have gone through unchanged! How many revolutions have they seen! How many changes of their master's mind!"

Talleyrand has less countenance than any man of talents I ever saw. He seems to think not only that "la parole etait donnee a l'homme pour deguiser sa pense," but that expression of face was given to him as a curse, to betray his emotions. His niece, the Duchesse de Dino, was there, little and ugly—plain, I should say; nobody is ugly now but myself.—Maria Edgeworth's Letters.

Czar Wanted It Straight.

When St. Petersburg and Moscow were being connected by railway, the czar of Russia was asked to indicate upon a map what course he wished the line to take. Without a moment's hesitation he seized a ruler and drew a perfectly straight line between the two cities. So, in accordance with the imperial mandate, the railway runs straight as an arrow from St. Petersburg to Moscow.

AN ALTER EGO.

I wonder—oh, I wonder here tonight
By the dim hearthstone, when the flame
sinks low,
If any other woman counts as I
Her rosary of prayers said long ago?
If she, remembering all the vanished time,
Thanks God for hopes that only dawned to
die,
And, looking backward down the shadowy
years,
Finds their old landmarks hateful—even as I!

I wonder if some other woman knows
The story that the changing seasons sing?
If the first violets to any heart
Whisper the legend that to me they bring?
If to the hills her hopes and fancies turn,
Crossing their ramparts as the wild birds fly,
And she, outstretching to the sunset's bars,
Longs for the opening of their gates—as I?

I question, with a wonder never old,
If every woman, sitting by her fire,
Finds in her heart of hearts the dull, dead
pain,
The life long ache of some intense desire?
If something stings her in the sunshine's kiss
And haunts glad music with a minor sigh,
Or if she feels life's narrow prison walls
Locked on her heart forever—even as I?
And if there were—and she could come tonight
And lean upon my shoulder here alone,
Whispering the echo of my silent thoughts
Of newborn dreams and idols overthrown—
Even to her footsteps I would bar the door
And turn the key for all eternity.
And she—my alter ego—well I know
That she would pass in silence—even as I!
—Exchange.

LOUDEST NOISE EVER HEARD.

It Was Caused by a Volcano and Was Heard Thousands of Miles Away.

No thunder from the skies was ever accompanied by a roar of such vehemence as that which issued from the throat of the great volcano in Krakatoa, an islet lying in the straits of Sunda, between Sumatra and Java, at 10 o'clock on Monday morning, Aug. 27, 1883. As that dreadful Sunday night wore on the noises increased in intensity and frequency. The explosions succeeded each other so rapidly that a continuous roar seemed to issue from the island.

The critical moment was now approaching, and the outbreak was preparing for a majestic culmination. The people of Batavia did not sleep that night. Their windows quivered with the thunders from Krakatoa, which resounded like the discharge of artillery in their streets. Finally, at 10 o'clock on Monday morning, a stupendous convulsion took place, which far transcended any of the shocks which had preceded it. This supreme effort it was which raised the mightiest noise ever heard on this globe.

Batavia is 94 miles distant from Krakatoa. At Carimon, Java, 350 miles away, reports were heard on that Sunday morning which led to the belief that there must be some vessel in the distance which was discharging its guns as signals of distress. The authorities sent out boats to make a search. They presently returned, as no ship could be found in want of succor. The reports were sounds which had come all the way from Krakatoa. At Macassar, in Celebes, loud explosions attracted the notice of everybody. Two steamers were hastily sent out to find what was the matter.

The sounds had traveled from the straits of Sunda, a distance of 969 miles. But mere hundreds of miles will not suffice to illustrate the extraordinary distance to which the greatest noise that ever was heard was able to penetrate. The figures have to be expressed in thousands. This seems almost incredible, but it is certainly true. In the Victoria plains, in West Australia, the shepherds were startled by noises like heavy cannonading. It was some time before they learned that their tranquillity had been disturbed by the grand events then proceeding at Krakatoa, 1,700 miles away.—Youth's Companion.

Fatal Procrastination.

Guest (pushing them away from him)—
I don't like the way you cook eggs at this restaurant.

Waiter—What's the trouble, sir?
Guest—You don't cook them soon enough.—Chicago Tribune.

Massachusetts is one of the richest of the states, having a valuation of real and personal property amounting to \$1,584,756,802.

In 1035 there was a frost in England July 1 that destroyed nearly all the vegetation.

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Repaired.

The Best Material Used.

I will be prepared to make and repair rods from the 15th of June to the 15th of September. Sportsmen who leave their rods with me for repairs when they return from their fishing trips can get them on their return the next season.

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Rangeley P. O.

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6.30 P. M. to 8.30 P. M.

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For Greenville, Daily, on arrival of train

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Up the Lake, Daily, 10 A. M.
From Kennebago Lake, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 4 P. M.
From Greenville, Daily, 9 P. M.

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AMONG THE ORDERS.

Society Notes, Rangeley.

Friday, Sept. 20, Regular meeting Rangeley Commandery No. 408, Order of the Golden Cross. Meet in Church Vestry.
Wednesday p. m., Oct. 2, Regular meeting W. C. T. U., at the Library.

Society Notes, Phillips.

Monday, Oct. 14, Regular meeting Mt. Abram Lodge, No. 65, A. O. U. W. Hall in Bates Block.
Tuesday, Oct. 1, Mt. Saddleback Lodge, I. O. O. F., No. 92, Hall, Beal Block.
Wednesday, Oct. 2, Regular Communication, Blue Mountain Lodge, No. 67, F. & A. M., at Masonic Hall. Installation.
Thursday, Oct. 3, Regular meeting Cushman Post, No. 87, G. A. R., at Grange Hall, at 7.30 P. M.
Thursday Sept. 19, Regular meeting Woman's Relief Corps at Grange Hall, 6.30 P. M.
Saturday, Sept. 28, North Franklin Grange, No. 186, Patrons of Husbandry, at Grange Hall.
Saturday, Sept. 28, Regular meeting Phillips Commandery, No. 402, Order of the Golden Cross, Bates Hall.

Local Paragraphs.

The gravel train is at work again.
Monday night's wind was a howler.
The forests are changing to very brilliant hues.
The King's Daughters netted about \$20 from their fair.
Joseph Hinkley, of Madrid, is visiting his son, Dana Hinkley.
Ed. Berry and wife, were up from the Mountain View, Monday.
Lafe Kempton and White Butler went to Farmington, Monday, as Jurymen.
Joseth Hinkley, of Madrid, who has been visiting in Rangeley, returned Tuesday.
Neal & Quimby have a very nice line of fall and winter goods just in. See ad. next week.
Capt. Howard returned Tuesday morning, stopping over at Phillips for the Fair a day.
Quite a number went out on the regular train Tuesday morning to attend the Show at Phillips.
Miss Lucy Marble leaves to-day for a term at the Morgan School for young ladies at Portsmouth, N. H.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brackett of Phillips, and Mr. and Mrs. James Wood of Lewiston, were in town last week.
W. G. Ellis left on Tuesday to meet Hon. F. E. Timberlake, and assist in banking matters that come up at once.
Thursday evening, Oct. 1st, the ladies of the W. C. T. U. will hold a social at the library. Ice cream and cake will be served.
While Rangeley was sweltering with the heat there were terrific snow storms in the West. Oh yes, "Go West young man." Not much.
The new Quimby school-house was dedicated last Wednesday night. Rev. H. W. Small was in charge. Quite a number from the village attended the exercises.
A sudden change in the weather within an hour Monday night—from summer heat to a terrific wind storm. Rangeley Lake has not been so rough this season as it was Tuesday morning.
W. G. Ellis, of Gardiner, went up to Martin Fuller's camp "Among The Clouds," from there he went to Madrid over the mountain, thence to Phillips and Weld, and back to Phillips on foot. A good 40 mile tramp. Charlie Evitts went as guide.
One of our Comps., in a fit of abstraction last week, added an extra cipher to the amount of butter made in a week by Mrs. Luther Nile. It is needless to say that seventy pounds was the amount made. Mr. Nile says it is excusable, for he thinks we have reported so many fish stories that a little error like that would not be noticed.

Glorious weather we've been having! Martin Nile is back on the steamboat.
J. A. Nile was at home from the Normal Friday.
Isaac W. Smith, of Madrid, was in town Thursday.
Felt Saturday as though July had come back for a return trip.
Miss Katherine Tuttle returned to her home in Boston, Monday.
It was great ice cream weather during the King's Daughters fair.
Geo. M. Esty, Deputy Sheriff, is in Farmington attending Court.
Alpha Withy, wife and children, of Lang Plantation, were in town Monday.
Lewis Witham of Madrid, is cooking for Martin Fuller at Camp Among the Clouds.
The gun club was out in full force Friday, but only a few birds came in with them.
Rev. Sidney Wakely, of Charleston, Me., formerly of Rangeley, is visiting friends in town.
John Haley Esq., is still confined to his bed. It is hoped he will soon be able to resume his business.
Mrs. Kate Hammons of Freeport, was the guest of Mrs. Cora Richardson during the Bath excursion.
Miss Maud Lamb, who has been working at Phillips, was called home Saturday owing to the sickness of her mother.
Mr. Perkins of Halliston, Mass. has been visiting this section for a few days. Mr. Eben Hinkley has shown him through the entire region.
Hon. Joel Wilbur was in town a few days last week, overseeing the bagging of the wool he purchased of Furbish, Butler & Oakes.
Thirty-six came in on the Bath excursion last week. They went in various directions. The number coming to Rangeley increase each year.
Mr. W. S. Wills, who has been canvassing for "Practical Book for Practical People" is now delivering, he sold 36 copies in this town and 22 in Phillips.
Anglewood is closed for the season, Mr. Noble and family went out Monday, Miss Agnes had so far recovered as to be able to take the journey very comfortably.
The Baby Show drew. But it was almost wholly ladies who attended. A few years hence these little misses will draw the other sex pretty extensively.
Gen. Harmon of New Haven, and Mr. H. Shelley of New York, who have been the guests of the Tuttles at The Lake Point Cottage, returned home Monday after a very pleasant visit.
Bessie Oakes, daughter of Walter Oakes, a little Miss not yet seven, is a very sweet little singer. She was the recipient of an encore and much applause at the King's Daughters' entertainment.
It isn't often that certain Rangeley men feel it a duty to indulge in profane language. Yet there are times in the course of their lives that they rather wish the temptation was not placed in their way. It was only last week that several of our leading citizens had packed their grips, eaten an early breakfast and hurried to the station, not even taking time to kiss the sleeping babies, so anxious were they not to miss the "special train" that was advertised to leave at 7 o'clock A. M. Well, none of them missed it, but the train missed starting. It seems that the day before, some of those who intended taking the excursion wishing to "make assurance doubly sure" asked Agent Miller, he in turn asked Supt. Davis, and his reply was that he knew "nothing about a special." The informed ones didn't have their morning's rest broken, the uninformed ones did, and consequently one of the commandments got broken also. It seems a little queer that this place should have been "flooded" with programmes making such an announcement if there was no authority for it.

Ninety degrees in the sun, Saturday!
Dr. H. B. Palmer was in town Tuesday.
Mr. Daniel Hoyt, of Farmington, has been in town this week.
Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Blodgett and son, are attending the Fair. They will visit relatives in Phillips and Weld, before returning.
We are informed that Mr. Frank Cain, of Lewiston, arrived in town Wednesday night. He is here to confer with Mr. Marble on the contemplated renovation and changes about the Rangeley Lake House.
RANGELEY LAKES' foreman received the following message from the Editors Dill, dated at Phillips, Wednesday night: "Get paper out as best you can. Forest fire threatens destruction to considerable of our property so we must stay and fight it."
J. L. Orcutt, Esq., and wife, of North Monmouth, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. F. W. Miller, this week. They came on the Bath excursion. Mr. Orcutt has been first selectman of his town for some years and was a member of the last legislature.
Mr. Cushing, wife and daughter of Bath, have been at Hinkley's Hotel, also John Bartlett and wife. This party took a drive out to Dead River and Eustis, staying on the way at Greene's Farm house. This section they have seen pretty thoroughly.
Is there another town in Franklin County that has made the advance that Rangeley has during the past six months? Seven new houses and cottages, one large two-story shop, one school-house, stables and an immense amount of repairs. In all probability to this will be added still more. It's bound to grow.
Mrs. Nellie H. Bradley, of Washington, D. C., has been for years a sufferer from hay fever; but during the weeks she has been in Rangeley has been entirely free from it. Rangeley air, Rangeley mineral water and the Rangeley Lake House, all combined, can be credited for all this. Mr. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley will pass the season of '96 again in this place.
The spirit of improvement extends beyond the limits of the village corporation as will be seen by driving out in the direction of Luther Nile's. The little settlement near his buildings has undergone a great transformation and now presents a row of pretty cottages. The last to take on a new exterior finish is that owned by Nicholas Ogilvie.
Capt. C. W. Howard, the pioneer steamboat man in this section has been in town for a few days. The Capt. is now running a steamer in Portland Harbor, but he still retains a love for Rangeley. Somehow he has lost the knack of catching Rangeley trout since becoming a salt water man, at any rate, he failed to make his former wonderful catches.
The Rangeley Library has received a valuable loan of books from G. C. Twombly, among them are: "The Life of Christ," by Farrar; "An Abridged History of England," "Fifty years in the Church of Rome," by Chimquay; "Life of General Sherman," "Picturesque Washington," by Moore; "Holmes Poems," Those interested in the Library extend their thanks to Mr. Twombly.
Ex-Mayor W. R. Grace, of New York, and brother, M. P. Grace, Esq., of London, England, with their party returned from a few days outing at Indian Rock, Saturday. They were more than pleased with this, their first, visit to this section, and are sure to return next year for a longer stay. The Ex-Mayor informs Mr. Richardson that he has never before found a place that combined everything desirable as does this, and he has been about everywhere, on the globe.

Phillips.

A fire in the pastures back of Mrs. D. D. Aldrich's and M. W. Bean's, Monday night, gave the owners a hard fight. They worked from sundown till sunrise without a rest.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS' FAIR

In Furbish Hall Was a success and will Be Repeated Next Year.

Friday was one of those beautiful autumn days, when it is a delight to be out of doors, and about three o'clock you would have thought that the feminine portion of Rangeley was taking advantage of it. Furbish Hall was the point for which they aimed, and it is needless to say that 'twas the combined attraction of a Baby Show and Fair which drew them. On entering the hall it was found to be appropriately decorated with evergreen, bright berries and silver crosses, the badge of the King's Daughters. There were four booths, two of them devoted to fancy work and the others to flowers, candy and lemonade. The Baby Show began with the little ones under a year old, and the first prize a dainty little sacque was awarded to Sadie Valma Nile, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jose Nile, a blue ribbon tied around her arm was also an indication of her being the prettiest among the five. But here the difficulty began and as little Lila Elene Hoar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Hoar disputed the claim for beauty with her a blue ribbon was also tied on her arm. The next competition was between children under two and a half years, and after vainly trying to decide behind the curtain as to which was the prettiest, the judges called on the audience to help them and even then they could only narrow it down to three. Marcia Ruth Mitchell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Mitchell, Marion Belle Oakes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Oakes, and Minnie Alice Haley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Haley. Committee Mrs. Barr, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Adon Smith.
The articles for sale in the booths were very dainty and found ready purchasers. The sale was continued Friday and Saturday. Saturday evening the following program was carried out:
Singing: "Like an Army We Are Marching,"—By King's Daughters.
Recitation: "Jennie's Gift," Lulu Herrick.
Recitation: "Little Helpers," Inza Toothaker.
Recitation: "Eddie's Visit to the Barber,"—Harold McCard.
Singing: Hazel Rowe and Florence Carleton.
"Tableau."
Singing: "Summer Time," Bessie Oakes.
Singing: Maggie Hinkley and Cora Hoar.
Farce: "A Love of a Bonnet."
Singing: King's Daughters.
The cast for the farce was as follows:
Mrs. Clipper,..... Verna Hoar.
Kitty,..... Ida Huntton.
Mrs. Fastone,..... Elsie Collins.
Dora,..... Florence Hinkley.
Aunt Hopkins,..... Emma McCard.
Katie,..... Lura Lamb.
All parts were nicely taken and the curtain fell amid well deserved applause.
Mrs. J. B. Marble, who held ticket 44, drew the banner. Mrs. H. A. Furbish, holding 68, drew the glove, handkerchief and jewel case.
All in all the fair went off nicely and the young ladies are already planning on another fair next year.

Greenville.

Mrs. W. H. Ellis is improving every day.
The farmers are digging their potatoes, which are found in good condition.

The attention of the Plantation authorities is called to the condition of the roads in its limits. A few days work can be very profitably spent in improving them.

BORN.

Rangeley, Sept. 24, to the wife of John Rufus Wilbur, a son; weight 12 lbs.

MARRIED.

Phillips, Sept. 22, by Rev. W. A. Nottage, Isiah C. Mayo, of Wilton, and Mrs. Lydia E. Houghton, of Weld.